Inniata Sentinel La and Republican.

## Poetry. Unsaid.

- For days and weeks upon the lip has hung A precious something for an absent carsome tender confidence but lately sprung, Some dear confession that but one must hear
- The heart repeats it over day by day, What answering smile upon the face will play,
- What tender light will linger over all. But eager eyes that watch for one alone
- May grow reluctant; for the open gate Lets in, with him, perchance a guest unknown,
- On whom slow words of courtesy must wait.
- It may be dull or cold, too sad or light; A look that shows the heart away from home Can often put the dearest words to flight.
- l'erhaps the time of meeting, or the form, May chill or wither what we've longed to say; What fits the sunshine will not fit the storm-
- What blends with twilight, Jars with moon of day. Again, when all things seem our wish to serve, Full opportunity may strike us dumb-May stak our precious thoughts in deep reserve,
- And often ere our friend is out of sight. We start : the thing can scarce be credited-We have been silent, or our words been trite, And here's the dearest thing of all unseld?

## - Lippinost's Magazine. Repaying.

- Because I have kissed you, Misgaillo, Gatck ! quick ! give me back the kiss, darling,
- I gave you a short time ago. As it's done we have got to undo it-But a kiss given back to the giver,
- But, heyday! Minguillo! what's this str? Why, here we are, worse than before! I bade you restore me my kies, sir, And now-you have taken two more

## Miscellany.

## A Story of Monkey Sagacity.

journeying, that one day a friend and myself sat down under the shade of a yet she never had had an offer. banyan tree, and we were enjoying a lit was hard, too. Augusta Vivian meal of various edibles, when we were had all the wifely instincts that belong disturbed by the arrival and noise of a to every woman worthy of the name; troop of large black-faced monkeys; she had her aspirations, hopes, and the branches overhead literally swarmed dreams, and it was dispiriting to see with them. They looked on us as in- them blighted one by one. terlopers, no doubt; and for some time

"Nobody cares for me," thought answer to a single question he can but their gestures apprehensive they would that we were apprehensive they would spice of bitterness in herdejection. "No one—my Augusta—only tell me that I hearts, God knew. But there were other tell when the casting shadows wherever we went; and some were somber enough to many poor one—my Augusta—only tell me that I hearts, God knew. But there were other tell when the casting shadows wherever we went; and some time answer to a single question he can but some were somber enough to many poor one—my Augusta—only tell me that I that we were apprehensive the dispute the ground with us.

are you crying about?"
Miss Vivian dashed the crystal drops petulantly from her eyelashes.

"Crying! What nonsense! I'm not She sat there on the low velvet-covered divan, with the exquisite brides-

cards, tied together with snowy ribbon, like drifted snow.

And Aunt Bessie, seeing that remon-

unwelcome just at that moment, went quietly out of the room with the ivory needle-case she had come to seek, leaving Augusta alone once more. 'Three times a bridesmaid, and never

Was it, then, that there was actual truth in the words of the old saw which truth in the words of the old saw which people quoted against her with so much malicious fun? For the third time she was to be a bride's attendant now and Culthorpe did not seem to notice it. was to be a bride's attendant now-and

her to the altar also, to fulfill a woman's sweetest, proudest destiny? It is all sheer nonsense to say that a girl must not admit visions of love and matrimony into her head. She would matrimony into her head. She would be but a lifeless, loveless statue otherwise; the visions will come unbidden, very happy," stammered Augusta, And

and existence would be incomplete without their enchanting glitter. So it was with Augusta Vivian at eight-and-twenty. People were already for some distance, and then looked up beginning to speak of her as an old with a forced laugh.

"Poor Gussie!" said Mrs. Lathrop, "it is'nt likely she will ever marry now ! ever, I always wanted an old-maid sister Miss Vivian?" to live with me, and help about the

children and the housekeeping. Yet Augusta Vivian was lovelier n than she had been at eighteen. Not a wrinkle marred the marble smoothness It was a wild and dreary part of the country, in the plains of India, while temples, and the bloom on her cheeks was red and ripe as that of a peach, and

man ever spoke to me of love; no home have the right to call you so, and I shall ers cool and refreshing that fell We had just risen from our meal.

We had just risen from our meal.

when to our surprise one of the monwhen to our surprise one of the monas its queen. Why not, I wonder? Am

And when Miss Vivian came home keys (a young one) fell down from a I unlike other women? Am I unworthy from her walk in the woods her accepted shadows, Minnie; and you too, Miss a high branch at our feet. It was quite of the destiny fate has reserved for lover was by her side. The clamor that arose above us them? Here I live in my little cottage on the occurrence of this calamity was among the roses, solitary and alone, deafening. The whole assembly of monsave for Aunt Bessy and the kitten, and "Well, men are unaccountable creatures" the wind was moaning around the house. Truly, in many deafening. The whole assembly of mon-deafening. The whole assembly of mon-keys clustered together for a confab. here, for aught I can see, I am likely to here, for aught I can see, I am likely to drag out the monotonous series of my

"Augusta Vivian! why, what on earth not what. Only that she was very, very sorrowful, and longed to be alone.

"Major Culthorpe!"
For he had met her at the little wire

"Did I startle you, Miss Vivian?"
"No, but I did not expect—"

"Were you going for a walk?"
"Yes—no—I don't know."
And Augusta blushed more hotly than

was to be a bride's attendant now—and herself? Why does no one come to lead her to the altar also, to fulfill a woman's sweetest proposest destiny?

"May I have the pleasure of walking a little way with you?" he asked.

"Helen's up at the cottage," Augusta

"Of conne-certainly - I shall be

ugut to herself, "Now he is going She walked along by his side in silence

maid; the young sixteen-year-old dam-sels thought her "shockingly old," and Major Culthorpe," she began, "so you

"Not exactly-six or seven. I believe. "Seven next November. And did it never occur to you that this constant

"I supposed it was possible," answered Augusta, almost insudibly. "Do you think I am too old to marry?

Augusta, would you take me?"

"So it wasn't Helen, after all," said

## Only Three of Us.

There were only three of us left in the

"Miss Vivian!"
She started like a frightened fawa.

gateway which divided the Culthorpe ered divan, with the exquisite brides-maid's dress in her lap—white tarlatan, barred with shimmering lines of silver —while just beyond lay the wedding cards tied together with snowy ribbon. floss silk, Major Culthorpe's cheek was slightly flushed, as if in sympathy And Aunt Bessie, seeing that remon-strance and argument would alike be fused Augusta Vivians whole face.

She stopped abruptly, not knowing what to say in her confusion.

answered, impulsively.
"Is she? I hope she is very well;

to make a confident of me.

Lily, her married sister, with two babies may as well say on."
patronized and pitied her. "You are right," he answered with a

Why, I was engaged before I was eighteen, and Gussie is nearly thirty. However, have lived neighbors to each other,

companionship might suggest to me the possibility of a pearer tie?"

"Certainly not." "I take you! Major Culthorpe?"
"Yes, you, Augusta. I have loved
you all these years, yet never until now
have mustered courage to ask you to

old house, the Thanksgiving night before Arthur went away, and just as the twilight was falling I climbed into one of the old-fashioned windows to look without. The prospect was drear enough, and the pang I was to feel at parting sharpened the whole scene. The elms were stripped of leaves, and the water was dripping tearfully from their spray: and beyond the sloping bank, the unsteady waves looked like dark clouds dropped on the surface of the lake, and the rocks and pebbles of the shore were wet with the late rain. The What will love not do? Who can dewind swept around the house in confused gusts, for it had not yet decided

"It is an old house," I said, turning to Arthur, who, with Alice, was standing "It is an old house," he repeated, "and like all old houses has its ghosts.

would shake the doors and windows as

if with a heavy hand, and anon hush its

which way to blow, and some

Do not question my veracity with doubting eyes, and I will tell you of apparitions that haunt it daily."
"At twilight I come in here often from hard study, and I see our grandfather seated, as of old at other Thanksgiving seasons, in his arm-chair with head bent low upon his cane; and at table your mother thoughtfully, or reads quietly from behavior makes her sincerely happy, some choice volume. But the mists Let her reward him for his efforts to clear away, and instead, Alice sits radiant before me, and you hover around and propound to me those curious some of the noblest and most desirable questions, and the ghosts are gone. I feelings of our nature. She will cultilo not mean that I really see them, you know," he explained, in order to do sition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been very pleasing and obedient not mean that there are real ghosts to through the day. Just before putting be seen here, only the specters that fancy calls up; but we are only specters ourselves, little consin, that flit here
"My son, you

until God calls us away."

It was growing darker new. Betty had gone to spend the night with a sick children who are dutiful to their pachild, and I thought it would be a relief rents, and he promises to make them to hear her stirring in the kitchen, and happy. getting down from my window I said that I wished Betty had not gone away, to him a great reward. And when, with for it was a gloomy night, and a large a more than ordinary affectionate tone, house for only three of us. Then Alice you say, "Good night, my dear son," went out for the lights, and Arthur she leaves the room with his little eyes placed our chairs, rebuking me gravely full of feeling. And where he closes for my selfishness. We did not sit his eyes for sleep he is happy, and redown immediately, though, but stood solves that he will try and do his duty. be my wife. I know it has been cow. looking at each other, talking, and ardly to keep silence so long, yet when a man's whole destiny hangs on the wall. And Arthur said we were always

where the chatterings are greated from the monotones seed a single from the restrict of the special property of the property of the special property of the special property of the property of the special property of the pr

lives, and for his tender mercies now shown to us .- Rural New Yorker.

# Kindness to Children.

Deal with your children as God deals with his. Do not meet their anger with your anger, their petulance with your own, or their obstinacy with willfulness still greater. Overcome evil with good. When God called himself a father, he

scribe its powerful subduing influences? proaches, or violence, or harsh measures? You gratify a private and dark passion in your own heart, and arouse one in anvoice to a whisper and come mosning other bosom. Oh, try the mighty effi-to us through the crevices. cacy of love. One smile of genuine sym-pathy is worth all your purse to the beg-"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God." 1 John iii; 7.

Parents, commend your little ones when they do right, perform that which is good and praisworthy. Whenever they are quick to obey cheerfully, express your grateful approbation; tell them how well you are pleased, how exceedingly gratified you are at the improvement in well doing. Let a mother approve of a child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good please by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart vate in him a lovely and amiable dispohim to sleep for the night, you take his

"My son, you have been very good

This approbation from his mother

"Good sight is but a little word Yet beautiful though brief, And falls upon the gentle heart like dew upon the leaf."

they were most needed in the heat and band" explained? It means literally fever of life. "Let us look well to our the head of the house, the support of it, shadows, Minnie; and you too, Miss the person who keeps it together, as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. And so we sat by the high box stove There are many married men who are "Well, men are unaccountable creatures the wind was moaning around the house band of the house. Truly, in many cases, the wife is the husband; for and Augusta is very handsome still. The long low beach, and that the more often times it is she who, by her prushes the long low beach, and that the more often times it is she who, by her prushes the long low beach, and that the more often times it is she who, by her prushes the long low beach, and that the more often times it is she who, by her prushes the long low beach, and that the more often times it is she who, by her prushes the long low beach, and that the more often times it is she who, by her prushes the long low beach, and that the more of the house.

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# "It Can't Be Done!"

This is the cry of weakness, indecision indifference, and indolence. What can't be done? Something that some other man has done. Well—you can do it or you can do something toward it. At all events, you can try. Until you have tried—tried once and again—tried with

resolution, application, and industry to do a thing, no one is justified in saying "it can't be done." The plea in such a case is a mere excuse for not attempting to do anything at all. "Mother, I can't do it," said a little

boy looking up from his slate, on which boy looking up from his slate, on which he had been trying hard to work out a sum in algebra. "Try again, my son," said the mother: "Try again, my son," said the mother: "never give up until you'do it. Stick to it like a man." The boy would be like a man; he was encouraged by the hopeful words of his mother. He stooped down again over his task, and applied himself. The difficulty cleared itself away before his stout determination to overcome it; and in a few minutes after, he looked up from his slate with an air of triumph, "nothing like sticking to it!" Right, my son; when you have taken any good work in hand that must be done, never think for a moment of abandoning it until it has been accomplished. That is the way to be a man." He took the mother's advice, and it served him throughout life. The boy is now a man

one of the most famous teachers in our "It can't be done," ruins the best of projects. The very words mean failure and defeat. They are the ejaculation of impotance and despair. When they are uttered, resolution and determination-the soul of all success-have gone out of the man; and unless he be inspired with some new life and energy, he will do nothing. "Impossible," said a young French officer of artillery-'the word should be banished from the dictionary." The officer was Napoleon

Bonaparte. mour the Tartar and the spider in the ave. Trying to climb to a certain point the spider fell to the ground again and again; but still the little creature rose again to the task, and at the for-tieth effort it succeeded, "Surely," said Timour, "if a spider can succeed after place with new hopes, rallied his men,

and ultimately conquered. and try with increased resolution to such a delightful shade in the warm and a glorious actress. Like the ros pline the strong; only the weak are over-whelmed by it. Difficulties draw forth led Nettie, and before she guessed what the best energies of a man; they reveal to him his true strength, and train him found herself right alongside of a nice to the exercise of his noblest powers. Fope swing, fastened between two mawill and determination to serve Him

## Youths' Column.

## Ready Obedience.

If you are told to do a thing. And mean to do it really. Never let it be by halves; Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor exem

When father calls, though pleasant be

BROTHER BOR'S HYGIENE,- "Put on "I've something to show you — two things, I ought to say. Did you think I had forgotten this was the first of

ficulty cleared itself away before his stout determination to overcome it; and in a few minutes of the control not. She was quite sure Tom Snow was not half so good to his sisters, for she "Well!" asked the mother, "how is it now?" "I have done it?" said the boy; saw him throw Lucy's pet doll quite over the woodshed, and Mollie's httle over the woodshed, and Mollie's little white kitty he dropped out of the third story window, and when the girls cried, he only laughed and said, 'It would view to make her talk! take nine tumbles like that to kill the kitty,' which I don't believe—do you, at Esson, in Prussia, cover a space of Lob?" for Nettie was telling all this to her brother, as, with her hand in his, The buildings alone occupy 200 acres.

unlatched the barn door, and led Nettie along until she came to a box with slats chronicles, has on show in its office, nailed across it, then bidding her look a sweet potato six feet two inches long. in, Nettie saw two beautiful white rab-

She clapped her hands. "Oh! how of, but they are like seeds of flowers or cunning they are! Where did you get them, Bob? Are they truly for me? borne by some by some birds afar; haply there-

Nettie's joy as if he had received a lonely wilderness. present himself "I bought them of Luke Sawyer for a birthday present for you, Nettie, and their names are Jack and Gill. But let two men bound together at the waist, us go now, for I have something else to show you, and then I must go to school."

sick, and was now just able to go out of doors, and the doctor said that before able works of modern times. so many failures, so can I after my defeats; and he sailed from his hiding. her pale cheeks. Back of the house was a grove of So in all things. We must try often, spruce and maple trees, and they made Adelaide Neilson would still be a great

not husbands; because they are not the band of the house. Trally, in many cases, the wife is the husband; for often times it is she who, by her prudence and thrift, and economy, keeps the dence and thrift, and economy dence and thrift, and econo

# NO. 46.

Varieties.

Editor and Proprietor.

High-Elizabethan ruffles. Open to conviction-A pickpocket. An unpopular 'ism'-The rheumatism.

Inveterate smokers-Steamboat fun-Low-The new style of wearing the

The old-fashioned revolver - The

Neck-handkerchiefs fashionable in 1777, are revived this season.

It doesn't matter much whether your new bonnet has strings or not. Ladies are shy about adopting the

A Kansas lawyer was fined for profanity and contempt of court the other day for quoting Latin to the judge. From all parts of the country accounts

come of people being injured by tum-bling out of carriages. Well, this is the fall season.

Krupp's world-renowned iron works

he led her down the garden-walk.

"Where can we be going?" asked

"Where can we be going?" asked

Nettie, as Bob turned toward the barn.

Nettie, as Bob turned toward the barn.

all the rest of them must now hide their diminished heads, for the Selma Times

Good, kind, true, holy words dropped borne by some birds afar; haply there-And what are their names?"

Bob felt as much pleasure in seeing mountain side, or to make glad some

J. P. Molin, a celebrated sculptor of

and armed with knives, struggling in a thow you, and then I must go to school." duel to the death, was exhibited at the I forgot to say that Nettie had been International Exhibition in 1862, and A writer in a Philadelphia paper gushes over Miss Neilson, saying "Robbed of her youth and loveliness

before the shrine of Aphodite, ber weather that Nettie's father refused to before the shrine of Aphodite, her have them cut down. It was here Bob beauty is but a heath, a fragrance, a he could be going to show her, she her noble and imperishable art." Difficulties try his patience, his energy and his working faculties. They test the strength of his purpose, and the force of his will.

They test but Bob knew well enough by her looks how glad she was.

Will and determination to serve little with which He inspires you, go on boldly and do not be frightened at your little checks and falls, so long as you how glad she was.